伯爵領

THE COUNT'S TERRITORY

高柳重信
TAKAYANAGI SHIGENOBU

To The Countess…

序
FOREWORD

菱山修三
Shūzō Hishiyama

Since Takayanagi Shigenobu, that blood-stained youth, appeared before me bearing the calling card of ‘Count Ōmiya,’ I’ve had a series of rather strange and fascinating dreams, and for that, I suppose, I owe him a debt of gratitude.

To a greater or lesser extent, it may be true that none of us have completely escaped the confusions of our age. It may now even be too late to speak of Shigenobu, as he lived through the confusion with his own gestures, and manners.

Come to think of it, the genuine metamorphosis of a spirit cannot be realized, at least at first glance,

without the passage through a phase of absurdity… of nonsense, and jest. Apollinaire and Jacob were like that. Éluard was perhaps the same. Shigenobu is no exception. For Apollinaire, Jacobs, and Éluard, happiness awaited these men, their work leading immediately to new modes, new designs, new styles, new *myths…*

But what of Shigenobu? It is true that he may give himself to the creation of a new mode, a new myth, but before his eyes stretch only an endless and barren wasteland…

Moreover, here, with only a few glimmering stars, there is no choice but to continue our solitary cat's play. And even those few will vanish like dots into the vastness…

So, for a while, that youth plays Don Quixote, challenging windmills,

waterwheels, to exhaustion before being thrown down and left for dead.

In the end, he leaves that will and testament in only slight remains.

I cannot say how many such wills I have read.

*****

I as well examine the essence of the Comte d'Lautréamont, just as I examine the essence of the Count Ōmiya. But in the mind of Isidore Ducasse, who took the name Comte de Lautréamont, the linguistic revolution was probably no different from the social revolution. And when his Songs of Maldoror were revived more than twenty years on, what was offered was not a theory of revolution so much as a rare "theory of escape."

So what then is the Count Ōmiya attempting?

He is far more humble, and only mourns the designs of a shared life with his countess, and dreams of a formal revolution in poetic language within his barren domain.
Herein lies the reason for the Count's approach toward the Comte de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam. This approach is a metamorphosis within Shigenobu.

Whether this is a retreat or an advance is hard to judge at first glance, but what matters is that within this territory, he invades the realm of the crude, the vulgar, and the reckless: embodying techniques towards raw and unadorned life.

Moreover, what matters even more is that within this life, our Shige was wounded beyond recovery.

One might wish to say that Shigenobu Takayanagi, by sending this book into the world, has bid farewell to his first

youth and is now preparing for his second. Yet the reality is that he faces a crisis of choice between life and art. Tragically, like Don Quixote flung back from the watermill, he charges, and his hands remain bloodied.

Nothing stirs my interest more than Shigenobu's fate today. For it connects to the challenge of overcoming the confusions of our age.

And so I want to cheer him on: "Shigenobu, do not fall until your arrows are spent, and your bow is broken!"

タダ　コノマボ　ロシノモニフクサン

ヴィリエ・ド・リラダン伯僧

Tada konomabo roshinomoni fukusan
Virie do Riradan hakushaku

Only to this phantom-being, I will submit—

The Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam

花火の谷間より
I-V

From The Valley of Fireworks…

蒙塵や
重い水車の
谷間の
石臼

mōjin ya

omoi suisha no

tanima no

ishiusu

“Dust covered!
The heavy waterwheel’s
valley of
millstones

厚き苔敷く
谷間の
墓地の
假睡の水車

atsuki koke shiku

tanima no

bochi no

ka sui no suisha

“A deep moss spreads
in the valley
a cemetery
of dozing waterwheels

吹き沈む
野分の
谷の
耳さとき蛇

fukishizumu

nowaki no

tani no

mimi
satoki
hebi

“Blown beneath
in the field-halves
of a valley
the sharp-eared snake

遂に
谷間に
見出だされたる
桃色花火

tsui
ni

tanima
ni

miidasaretaru

momo
-iro
hanabi

“Finally in
the valley
it was discovered
peach-colored fireworks

汽車が
虹が
雲が　税吏が
見下ろす谷間

kisha ga
niji ga
kumo ga zeiri ga
miorosu tanima

“The steam-engine
a rainbow
a cloud and the tax-official
look down on the valley

碑銘の丘より
I-III

From The Hill of Inscriptions…

花茨
碑銘の丘に
蛇は架けられ

hana
ibara

himei no
oka ni

hebi wa
kakerare

“Thistle blossoms
on the hill of inscriptions
the snake suspended

灰が降る
丘の酒場に
身を焼く薪

hai ga furu

oka no sakaba ni

mi o yaku maki

“Ashes fall

in the tavern on the hill
whose body is burning firewood

馬車は越えゆく
秋の飛雪の
鉛の丘

basha wa
koeyuku

aki no
hisetsu no

namari no oka

“A carriage crosses over
the autumn snowdrifts
of a lead hill

むらさき山脈より
I-II

From The Purple Mountain Range…

山
襞脈
埋
ら耳るれもみ澄き聴にの

sanmyaku no
hida ni
ki
ki
su
mi
umo
re
ru
mimi
ra

“In a mountain vein’s
fold
s
care
ful
ly
strain
ing
are al
so
buried
ear
s

めざし雲
ほほざし雲
蝶の墓場
むらさき山脈

mezashi kumo

hohozashi kumo

chō no hakaba no

murasaki sanmyaku

“Sardine-skewer clouds
the cheek-piercing clouds
a graveyard of butterflies
the purple mountain range

寝墓の森より
I-IIII

From The Forest of Sleeping Graves…

森の夜
更け
火の拜
身を彌の
蛾く彩に撒
燒

mori
no yo
fuke no
hai
ka no misa
ni
mi o ya
ku sa
ga

“The
forest’s late
evening in a fire-
worshipping Mass
a body burning
itself is the
painted
moth

森の奥の夜の雪のおくの眞紅のまんじ

mori no oku no yoru no yuki no oku no shinku no manji

“In the depths of
a night forest;
in the snow is inscribed
a crimson
r e d s w a s t i k a

風下の
森の奥の
老いの激しき
かたつむり

kaze shita
no

mori no oku
no

oi no
hageshiki

katatsumuri

“Downwind
in the depths of a forest
an old violent
snail

その黒斑
うとまれ撃たる
寝墓の森の
黒斑鳥

sono kuro-mura

utomare utaru

nebaka no mori no

kuro-mura tori

“That black spot
is shot down
in the forest of sleeping graves
a black spotted bird

金の燈臺より
I-II

From The Golden Lighthouse…

燈臺の
白い
律呂に
降る
遠花火

todai
no

shiroi

ritsuryo ni

furu

to-hanabi

“In the lighthouse’s
white-
pitch tones
fall
distant fireworks

燈臺
の青き喘ぎの
雷雨かな

todai

no aoki aegi
no

raiu ka na

“The lighthouse’s
blue gasping

thunderstorm!

虎の斑の岬より
I-II

From The Tiger-Striped Cape…

tora no

mura no

misaki no

虎の斑の岬の青き淡き祭

aoki

awaki

matsuri

“The tiger-striped cape’s light-blue festival

青絹の
雨の
岬の
緋色の

情死

ao kinu no

ame no

misaki no

hi-iro no

jōshi

“Blue-silk
rain
on the cape
of scarlet

lover’s suicide

黒い孤島より
I-III

From A Deserted Black Island…

閨孤　　の浪　　孤
主公の　　のひ呪　　てに島

kōto
ni
te
nami
no
noro
i
no
ko
kei
no
kō
shu

“On a lonely
island
a curse
of waves
the lonely bed chambers
of a Princess

咲き燃えて灰の渦輪の孤島の薔薇

“The blooming
then burning
ash
whirls
ring
an orphan
island’s
Rosebush

saki
moete
hai
no
uzu
wa
no
kotō
no
bara

孤島にて
不眠の鴉
白くなる

kotō ni te

fumin no karasu

shiroku na ru

“On a deserted island
an insomniac crow
turning white

泯びの河口より
I-II

From An Estuary of Extinctions…

海へ
夜へ
河がほろびる
河口のピストル

umi e

yoru e

kawa ga

horubiru

kakō no
pisutoru

“To the sea
to the night
a river perishes
an estuary’s pistol

海
押しよせる
河口に
病むは
若き蝙蝠

umi

oshiyoseru

kakō ni

yamu wa

wakaki kōmori

“Ocean
rushes
in the river-mouth
falling ill an
immature bat

汚名の濕地より
I

From The Wetlands of Infamy…

oite

kuruishi

shitchi no

hebi ni

akaki hanasaki

老いて
狂ひし
濕地の
蛇に
紅き花咲き

“Growing old
gone insane
in the marshland’s
snake
a crimson flower blooms

領内古謡より
I-VIII

From The Ancient Songs of The Territory…

森や
谷ま
も
眠るとき
あかく
つらなる
こころの雪崩

mori ya

tani ma

mo

nemuru toki

akaku

tsuranaru

kokoro no nadare

“Forest!
The valley
too
at bedtime
brightly red
cascades
the heart’s
avalanche

さよなら
私は
十貫目に痩せて
さよなら

sayonara

watashi wa

jukkanme ni yasete

sayonara

“Goodbye
I’ve
to 10 kan wasted
goodbye

蜘蛛の圍の
燃えたつ木馬
失語の木馬

kumo no kako no

moetatsu mokuba

shitsugo no mokuba

“In a widow’s web
burned completely a wooden horse
the speechless wooden horse

かの孔雀
鉛を
孕み
土搏つ翼

ka no kujaku
namari o
harami
tsuchi-utsu
tsubasa

“That peacock
lead-
pregnant
with earth-beating wings

降る雪の
かなた
蝋燭の
輪の
舞踏
靴

furu yuki no

kanata

rōsoku no

wa no

butō
kutsu

“Falling snow
out there
waxing candlelight’s
ring-
dance
shoes

yubi kiri no

yubi no

yubiwa no

sōkō yori

wa ga shi

hajimari

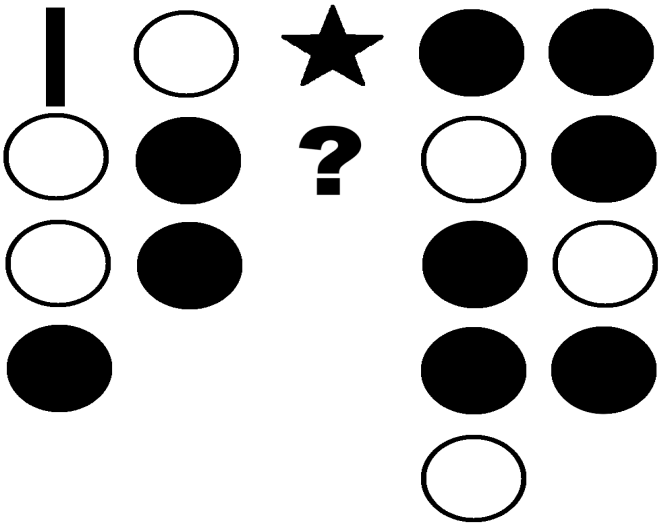
指切りの
指の
指環の
創口より
わが死
はじまり

“Pinky-swear’s
a finger in
a ring
the open wound
my death
begins

明日は
胸に咲く
血の華の
よひどれし
蕾かな

ashita wa
mune ni saku
chi no hana no
yoi dore shi
tsubomi ka na

“Tomorrow
in my heart blooms
The Blood-Flower’s
drunkard
bud!



あとがき
Afterword

大宮伯館
Omiya Hakukan

Takayanagi Shigenobu called me his feudal lord, but perhaps it was he who almost became lord over me. He certainly made the attempt, secretly leasing my domain, but his plan failed, and in the end he fell into a state of guilty imprisonment within The Penal Colony…

When he was very young, he borrowed my name, and under that name appeared in the streets. At the time I was moved by him, and believed he was even a man worthy of at least the title of "The Friday Earl."

And before long, as he began to reveal himself in that guise, I drew too close to him, and we grew too friendly.

To that extent, he was a congenial man.

I even offered him a few benefits; yet, before long, unfortunate fates befell us both…

One night, roaming, wild and drunk, he sang his bawdy heart out over my territory, and caused a riot within my domain. What could I do but lament those unruly people within, and what could I do but chastise the young Shigenobu…

It seems that he took my chastisement much to heart.

Perhaps because of this, the sorrow of his death was all the more painful to me.

Only now, I wish, that through this book, I should commemorate our shared misfortune for a long time to come. I offer it as my heartfelt act of final remembrance, and aid to his soul.

ESSAYS
FROM THE COMPLETE WORKS:
VOLUME III

Count Omiya's Haiku Life

The other day, Count Omiya finally passed away, by my hands. This is the prophetic haiku that The Count Omiya had me transcribe before his death:

“A two-headed snake, one of its heads severed, is dying.

The fact that one of the two heads of the snake is severed and dies means that, as definitively prophesied beforehand, death will soon come to me as well. For Count Omiya was indeed one of the two heads of a persistent, snake-like human being like myself.

Just as a vague premonition of death draws a notary and a will to me, I too found myself restlessly compelled, as if driven by something equally vague, to write and record the biography of Count Omiya.

However, here I would like to extract only the parts of Count Omiya's biography that are related to haiku, and for the time being turn my back on its vast romanticism. This is because it is naturally considered more appropriate for the haiku world, which cherishes common sense the most, and also, to be honest, Count Omiya's biography has already been written so brilliantly by Gérard de Nerval even before Count Omiya was born that I feel I have no choice but to leave it at that.

This is because it is being prevented by a bizarre incident that prevents anything from being added to it. To put it another way, it could be said that Count Omiya, who was also well aware of the "Sylvie" route that Nerval had set up in advance, obediently followed it.

However, it seems to me that neither of them is perfect.

It seems so. It is a great pity that I only recently acquired the book and was able to read it for the first time. And when I read it, my beloved Count Omiya had already died. Between Count Omiya and myself, who were two sides of the same coin, my reading meant that Count Omiya had read it, and my not reading it meant that Count Omiya had not read it. Therefore, it seems certain that Count Omiya never knew Nerval's "Sylvie" until his death. In the end, it is a strange coincidence. However, when I recall Count Omiya's extraordinary intuition, I somehow find my own judgment hard to believe.

Putting that aside, this is a great disappointment and trouble for me, who, in order to write the melancholic biography of Count Omiya, had one head severed, yet was driven mad by the intense pain, and still had to live for a while longer, with the other head tracing an oval of agony.
It was also something that awakened something.

*

Along with that, the words of Count Omiya, who thoroughly bewildered and tormented me in my ambitious, healthy, and cheerful days, are now simply a fond memory.

It's already written. That, too, has already been written. But why does it still perplex me?

Just as Michizo Tachihara's village story, with its delicate, almost transparent colors, began as soon as he named a village girl Henriette, the story of Henriette and her village began. Similarly, if I were to name each woman Sylvie, Adrienne, and Aurélie, and then simply follow Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie," the biography of the Grand Count would begin and end all by itself.

I have no intention of discussing Count Omiya's lineage or family background here. I actually know nothing about what achievements led to him becoming a count, or what twists and turns his ancestors several generations ago went through to attain the title of count.

However, if we recall that even after the collapse of the country's old order and the sudden addition of the character "former" to the titles of many nobles, the Count of Omiya alone remained the Count of Omiya, then to whom did he bestow that title?

It could be argued that it was not a title bestowed upon him, but rather a title he imposed upon himself, a kind of

ascetic saddle. In fact, I don't even recall the name Count Omiya being directly bestowed upon me by him.

If my memory serves me correctly, he introduced himself to me only once, and there was an undeniable, inexplicable force in Count Omiya's demeanor that prevented me from questioning him further. If I had harbored even the slightest doubt about the title of Count, or about Count Omiya himself, and shown any inclination to question him, Count Omiya would have immediately said, "Trust me. Who else would you trust besides me?" In fact, I could not trust anyone other than Count Omiya, and moreover, not trusting him would have been tantamount to strangling myself with my own hands.

By the way, I haven't yet written anything about when, where, and how my first meeting with Count Omiya took place. However, even that, I cannot write about with certainty. Count Omiya had, without my knowledge, become one of the two heads, and even after I realized this, I was so timid that I couldn't bring myself to ask, "Who are you?" for quite some time. Moreover, as I mentioned before, Count Omiya's indescribably complex gaze was, at any moment, met with my questioning gaze.

They achieved an overwhelming victory.
Therefore, it was purely by chance that I learned his name was Count Omiya.

It was shortly after I entered university. Around that time, I was just beginning to feel affection for a mysterious presence that was constantly increasing its influence around me. It was on a certain twilight that I smoked for the first time, imprinting a faint memory of a fall into the depths of my young heart, and I thought about escaping its hold, even if only for a moment.

As I leaned back and quietly made my way down the slope of Kagurazaka, the blue light of the sparks flying from the streetcar poles reminded me of the ancient Zoroastrian mysteries, and I listened to the strangely melancholic mystery of the footsteps of the disorderly crowd of pedestrians, and before I knew it I was intoxicated, and suddenly, as if I had made some important decision, I entered the storefront of a tobacco shop—and then, with a smile and a shiver at the small fall of my boyhood, I thought I would say, "Please give me a Hope"—and that's when it happened.

Suddenly, the voice from beside me uttered "Golden Bat," sending shivers down my spine so violently that it made me stumble. My lips trembled, and I turned pale, and for the first time, I confronted him, pouring out all my past achievements, asking, "Who are you?" But he, still wearing that indescribable smile, simply whispered to me quietly, "I'm Count Omiya, my love."

But for me, who is terrified by such childish charges, that's more than enough.

*

And so it was. Count Omiya, with a smile that seemed to pierce through everything, silently lit a Golden Bat cigarette. Then he offered it to me. "Golden Bat cigarettes are the best, my friend. They are the most suitable for you to smoke. They have a sad dream behind them. And a sad pride as well." Soon after, I choked terribly and tears streamed down my face.

From then on, I was a complete captive of Count Omiya. At that time, I belonged to a very meager literary magazine and diligently wrote novels and poems. However, none of my novels were ever completed. "It's already written," I constantly heard Count Omiya's voice beside me. Count Omiya constantly whispered in my ear, "That, too, is already written."

Moreover, the truth is, what I intended to write had already been written by someone else, in a far superior style than mine. Count Omiya would show it to me each time. And gradually, I became a cowardly, hesitant man.

That gloomy voice wouldn't even allow me to write in my diary. 7 Miel's diary was the final straw. Count Omiya skillfully drew excuses for inactivity from all sides, and continued to educate me as if I were in a living monastery.

"So, what should we do then?"

So, in desperation, I had no choice but to ask. Count Omiya then quietly replied, "There is no work left for you. Someone has already done it all. If there is any work left for you, it may be to trace over the periods in what has already been written, making them twice as big and twice as dark, to make them more distinct." —It was like being forced to do that meticulous yet tedious work of decorating the initial letters of the theological books that were so diligently copied in the medieval monasteries with beautiful calligraphy. As I stood there dumbfounded and silent, Count Omiya added coldly and bluntly, "This is all because you have read too many fairy tales."

I listened, biting my lip, gazing intently at Count Omiya's profile. His words reminded me of the dreams of goldfish I had almost every night as a boy.

At that time, the grimy ditch in front of my house bothered me constantly. In my dreams, I would always release goldfish into the ditch. The goldfish would quickly grow large and their numbers would increase. Before I knew it, the ditch would have transformed into a clear blue pond. Once, in the liminal space between dream and reality, I actually released goldfish into the ditch. However, the two goldfish were dead, covered in mud, the next morning. At that time, when Grimm's travel tales were all I knew, I suddenly became surprised by a discovery and took another good look at Count Omiya's profile. Count Omiya was

When he noticed this, he began to grin sarcastically. There, for the first time in many years, was the face of a man-eating ogre wearing seven-mile boots.

said the prince.

Count Omiya's smile was undoubtedly an affirmation of that.

"You've finally realized it. But now you're my prisoner. There's no way you can escape. I'm going to make you my bed. I'm going to put a lead chisel in your chest. You'll soon be sick."

Soon after, I fell ill. Count Omiya had thus firmly imprinted upon me the fairy tale of my childhood—the fairy tale of my childhood when I firmly believed that the long line of night trains was the flight of a dragon. I no longer had the strength to soar from it. My memories of Kumiko and Ochiko, which had chaotically coincided with the world of that fairy tale, likewise became chained to me from that moment on.

From then on, I was nothing more than the hands and feet of Count Omiya. I was tasked with faithfully recording Count Omiya's fragmented murmurs. I had no choice but to feel and think as Count Omiya instructed.

*

The story of Kumiko and Fukiko had certainly begun in my heart even before Count Omiya appeared, but Count Omiya arbitrarily rewrote it. And so, Sylvie and Adrienne The story began abruptly, as if grafted onto a tree, and Count Omiya explained it to me in his own style, trying to force me to accept it. "That's your Sylvie, and that's your Adrienne. Adrienne has blonde hair and is about the same height as you. Sylvie has black eyes, a beautiful profile, fresh and vibrant, and lightly tanned skin." Still, I protested.

"That's a lie. My Kumiko had black hair and was much taller than me back then. Sadly, Fujiko's fingertips were always covered in chapped skin, and she had a slightly prominent forehead, so I tried to avoid showing her profile as much as possible."

However, Count Omiya continued speaking without showing any signs of panic.

"Be quiet, be quiet, and close your eyes. You still don't understand anything. Look, you can see the circle of dancers. Adrienne and Sylvie, those are the two sides of your one love. One is a revered ideal, and the other is a gentle reality."

Indeed, there was a circle of dancers. It was the same circle of dancers where I had actually found Kumiko and Fukiko one day. Moreover, Adrienne now had blonde hair and was singing like a queen, surrounded by

everyone. Sylvie remained seated, looking up at the radiant Adrienne, a little sadly.

"Adrienne will soon enter a convent. And soon

You will die. Sylvie will leave you without betraying you and marry a confectioner. And she will have a child there. But you mustn't be sad about it now. I know the last conversation you and Sylvie will have. You will murmur something like, "There is something sacred about love that began in childhood," and Sylvie will say, "Well, we need to think about this carefully. Things in the world don't always go the way we want them to." So instead of becoming Werther and shooting yourself in the head with a pistol, you will become a little more reasonable and write haiku."

Eventually, Adrienne left my side and went to a distant land. It wasn't a convent, but to me, it was all the same. In any case, an atmosphere of elegy was created in my heart. And Sylvie was still before me, but I could only wait with a helpless heart for the dreadful tomorrow—or, to put it another way, the day when Sylvie would marry a pastry chef and become a mother there, as this too was an ongoing elegy. The Count of the Grand Palace had already completed preparations to make me his grave, and I couldn't deceive Sylvie about it. For the Count of the Grand Palace had always whispered to me that there was something sacred about love that began in childhood.

So I walked the streets searching for an Auerie who seemed to hold a trace of Adrienne beneath her powdered makeup. I walked the streets searching for such an Auerie.
I drank and got drunk. As those days passed, war broke out in this country, and after a long and painful period, Adrienne was burned to death in a distant land. I met many Au Aurélie, and each time I squandered my sincerity, gritting my teeth until I wasted ten kan (approximately 1.5 kg) a day. But each Au Aurélie, realizing that I was trying to see Adrienne's image beneath their face, abandoned me and left. Each time, a new elegy was born around me, and the Count of Grand Palace smiled lovingly beside me.

When my surroundings became completely enveloped in elegies, the task of highlighting the period that Count Omiya had once instructed me to do had become a skill I had fully acquired. My elegies—Count Omiya called them haiku. But were they truly my haiku? Rather, perhaps they belonged entirely to Count Omiya. I was merely the writer. I was merely the patient. Count Omiya had taken up residence in my sickbed and no longer offered any release.

Moreover, Count Omiya was becoming increasingly eloquent. His eloquence was so great that it even began to disturb my sleep. I would break out in a cold sweat every night, tormented by Count Omiya's incessant rhetoric. Count Omiya's eloquence finally became like the footsteps of a hidden assassin that haunted me. And

it murmured like a machine: "You have become Basho. You have become Basho." And at the same time, it continued to speak: "Haiku

"It is a fall from grace. Haiku is a fall from grace. Haiku is a fall from grace," he said.

The man was not a confectioner, but as the day approached for Sylvie to marry a man at least fifteen years her senior, Count Omiya finally died. Everything that had dominated my precious years with overwhelming force finally perished. First, Count Omiya, then the two women, whether Kumiko or Adrienne and Sylvie, it doesn't matter to me either way, and furthermore, my years colored by them. Now that all of these things have vanished at once, all I possess is my frail, ailing body and the haiku I have written, recording Count Omiya's murmurs. If I could add one more thing, it would be my regret and the indelible sense of my fallen status.

I am now constantly reminded of the unique and ingenious logic behind the physiology of the haiku form, as demonstrated by Count Omiya in his lifetime. This is surely because haiku is the only thing I have to remember with sorrow and affection for Count Omiya, who had such a profound, or rather, fatal, influence on me. At the same time, it could also be said that I deeply agree that, as far as haiku is concerned, there is no opinion superior to that of Count Omiya.

Indeed, as Count Omiya said, the connection between haiku and the consciousness of falling into sin is... Therefore, it seems to me that they were completely inseparable. Whenever I think of the word "social utility," which we living in the modern age cannot utter without a certain sense of guilt, the word "social utility," which we cannot arrogantly forget, I am always struck by a sense of guilt. If I think about it, haiku was never once a trumpet for tomorrow's march, nor was it ever the direct shell of today's heart. For example, haiku was always an elegy for yesterday. I can never forget Count Omiya's words, "The genre of haiku was already a thing of the past the moment it was born." In fact, haiku has never been a thing of the present since its inception. It was therefore only natural that Basho, who could never be separated from haiku, ultimately had to become a Taoist priest pretending to be old. Even if we try to imagine a different Basho, not the old, pretentious Taoist priest, there, Saikaku and the genre most suited to Saikaku are firmly established, displaying a magnificent, understated strength. It seems to me that Basho, who lived in the same era as Saikaku and possessed Saikaku's genre, yet deliberately chose to live as a Taoist priest connected to haiku, must have felt a sense of descent into sin. Perhaps this sense of descent—the elegy of yesterday, and the urge to sing only such elegies—is something that haiku must inevitably accept. Haiku is always making excuses for inactivity.

Moreover, the era in which I live, and still live, is by no means a time of idiom.

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It was nothing like the time of Basho. Count Omiya was well aware of this, and yet he had me write the elegy for Sylvie and Adrienne. Count Omiya,

And he completely toyed with me. I writhed in the vortex that formed at the confluence of the two currents of youth and old age. The vortex was constantly turbulent and continued to sink, yet it went nowhere. It could not go anywhere. There was nothing there but various slopes and the illusory scenes that arose from those various angles. I writhed there and gazed upon many illusory scenes. "That is haiku. And you have become Basho," Count Omiya whispered in my ear. He had skillfully led me into a trap. In order to stain half of my youth with old age, Count Omiya used my childhood,

"Instead of shooting myself in the head, I'll write haiku." I recall now. "For a brief time, you were Werther, and I certainly had that experience. But I also remember another of Count Omiya's words. With a cynical look on his face, Count Omiya whispered this into my ear: "These days, I hear people saying 'haiku is life,' but do you know what that really means? It means, 'I'd rather commit suicide than make a living.'"

Finally, I would like to add something a friend of mine told me about Count Omiya. When I once spoke to this friend about Count Omiya, he immediately replied:

"Well, you see, Count Omiya is a combination of a slight fever associated with a chest ailment and Russell. That's right, I'm sure that's it, you know."

postscript

"Be clearer, be more precise," is a common request.

Then I hear it. So today I'm adding this here as an unnecessary detail.

To add to that, the desire for clarity and clarity is also a very important one for me.

It is undoubtedly a hopeful one. However, let's consider this once again in the world of haiku.

Take some time to calmly review the many pieces of writing that you produce.

It is also necessary. There, the world of haiku has become too commercialized and conveniently

Literary terms translated into Japanese on a scale typical of the haiku world are proliferating almost without any self-reflection.

Moreover, the so-called critics of the haiku world have written their articles.

In order to cause such a situation, I have never once strictly considered those words.

I have never intended to set up such a sideline. Therefore,

The majority of criticism in the haiku world is filled with terminological inconsistencies.

However, the true nature of the so-called simplicity and clarity that exists in the current haiku world

That is the case. Unless the haiku world changes this, all discussions within the haiku world will remain unresolved.

It will likely be impossible to escape the current superficiality.

My intentions begin here. By avoiding, as much as possible, the words that the haiku world has conveniently translated into Japanese, I believe that this method of directly criticizing the problems of haiku is the most conscientious and empirical approach, which is quite the opposite of the evaluation the haiku world currently gives me.

Originally, the climate and culture in which we live is characterized by simple slogans and speeches.

I have a habit of loving and trusting things far too much. For example, when the phrase "haiku is life" first appears in someone's life, it is readily accepted and used, just as the phrases "one emperor's wife" and "one hundred million hearts" became popular and commonly used during the war without any examination or criticism. This is also in line with the street recording-like common usage of current slogans such as "cultural Japan" and "peaceful Japan." In order for the haiku world to improve further, I believe we must first thoroughly examine these kinds of slogan-like common phrases, and if we find that the words have a terrifyingly important meaning, we must honestly shudder, and if they are merely ridiculous drunken ramblings, we must frankly laugh them off. I think we must cultivate such a habit. I believe that without abandoning our overly naive trust in words and thoroughly questioning them, there is no room for truly clear and insightful criticism to emerge in the world of haiku.

For example, if we were to boldly abandon the words "human being" or "humanity," which the haiku world has unfairly translated, arbitrarily simplified, and devalued, and then look at haiku works with an unbiased eye, we would realize that not a single living human being exists within them. Have we ever truly discovered a real, living human being firmly captured within so-called proletarian haiku works, which are less useful than posters or placards?
Have you ever experienced that? There is absolutely no sense of realism there.

Isn't it in a state of absence? What's there is,

It's nothing more than a doll made to look utterly starving. And yet,

At times, the haiku world has calmly used this to support phrases such as "the liberation of humanity through haiku." ---Urgently

In conclusion, my intention is not only to laugh at such drunken ramblings, but also to be frankly struck by the profound significance of the true meaning behind the phrase "the liberation of humanity through haiku."

("Funeral Flag" inaugural issue, November 1948)

At the bar…

Count Omiya's speech on avant-garde haiku--

“Ladies and gentlemen!

It has been a long time since I last saw you all.

As if it were just one day a year, you have all continued to experience the same robust appetite and chronic indigestion, and I offer you my heartfelt blessings for your radiant happiness.

As you all know, when I left this country...

That unfortunate dawn, which had no choice but to depart, no, gentlemen

For some, that blissful dawn was already more than a decade ago.

That is the case. Looking back, that massive influx of people and horses was extremely sudden for me and for us.

The roars, the booming cannon fire, the rising dust, the wavering banners, the gleaming bayonets, and the desolate dawn battle that followed, which left nothing but an endless, devastating retreat—for you all...

And so, it was a morning of great joy, one that had been eagerly awaited and meticulously planned.

Even now, I will never forget that, or the miserable years that followed, not for a single day, nor will I ever try to forget them.
They don't do it. But, no matter what, there are too many

Time seems to have passed too quickly. You all, staking your future success on this empty tyrant, are vying for power and lurking behind him.

In his place, the proud king, who should have recovered the lost territories and rightfully inherited this sacred kingdom, sadly, was forced to follow the path of ignorance.

Next, he perished and no longer existed in this world. Moreover, by constantly drowning in the mourning of the future...

And so, it has continued to bring people the revival of elegant days,

The blue-sorrowed queen, too, for the sake of her final mourning, at that time

It has been permanently closed.

No. Even if there were an unknown orphan, there would be no way to preserve their legacy.

A loyal retainer who should stand by the side—his far-sighted foresight and profound thinking are woven into the thick cloth of unparalleled patience.

Wrapped up, like a desert ascetic, a familiar individual with a white beard in the wind

Masu.

The sage's corpse has long since been buried in the snow.

Thus, we lost everything we should have been able to help each other, comfort each other, and encourage each other.

No, and together, I lament alone the severity of my own decline.

I, too, who feel compelled to do so, will secretly do so tomorrow morning.

And once you leave this place, you will never return.

Now you are all drunk on the sweet wine of victory, and I have a little pride left.

I will be a sick person, a criminal, and a starving person, alongside the samurai.

That is the case. Please rest assured, everyone. Indeed, at the end of despair, an overwhelming and inexhaustible feeling of nostalgia wells up.

I am here.

However, if I were to appear before you all like this for one night...
What he expressed was, as his emotions dictated, he grasped at you all.

It is not to reach out for a hand, or to wave a hand of parting anew.

Actually, it's already been three weeks since I came back here.

A day and a quarter of an hour have passed. During that time, I have been,

She was desperately searching for just one man.

The towns I once lived in, and now, so comfortably

I continued walking through the cities that had been happily distorted and reformed.

The purpose was to meet that man and give him one last stern lecture.

Yes. But, for better or for worse, I still haven't met that man.

It is not possible. That cunning man,

With their keen sense of smell, they sensed my sudden appearance and...

Perhaps they are avoiding it. The youthful arrogance and pride of yesteryear.

And, as he walked with his shoulders puffed out, a voice whispered near his ear.

My first voice, which I suddenly whispered, my first appearance,

That man surely couldn't have forgotten.

Therefore, the man foolishly placed both hands over his two ears,

They are probably running around desperately trying to escape. Of course,

How futile and useless that is,

The man himself knows this best, more than anyone else.

I will have it anytime, anywhere, as I desire.

Because it can appear and disappear instantly.

Yes, I do. And I think that somewhere in my heart...

Perhaps it's because they don't want it. I, three days

And for a quarter of the time, deliberately, to avoid encountering that man,

The truth is, I walked away from them.
I am currently searching for this man so that I can scold him.

It is enough to make that man mistakenly believe that.

Just making that man realize that this is what's preventing him from doing, or rather,

And I was able to meet that man.

He conveyed his blessings to you in the form of a message for that man.

I am extremely pleased that I have appeared before you here, using the pretext that it had not happened, and that I have deliberately created this opportunity for you.

Well, let's not say the man's name. A long time ago,

He served as my pageboy and eventually became my chief knight.

The man, one night, was seized by a pathetic delusion, and my autonomy

They plotted to seize the territory. Pathetic delusions are, after all, pathetic.

It only brings about such results. In other words, it is what

He is a rather pathetic man in every respect. Having been defeated by his delusions,

He was so ashamed of it that he disappeared from my sight.

However, I knew. I knew

Shortly after leaving this country, the man almost missed his way.

And so I got in here. Just like you all,

For someone who has suffered a permanent humiliation in the past, this country is a place they can live in.

There is no suitable land.

Yes, it exists. The politics of tyrants who are unable to strictly regulate themselves first and foremost make mutual tolerance their primary principle.

That is only natural. Such generous governance will be beneficial to you all.

It is inevitable that this will lead to a peaceful paradise.

In doing so, the first thing we lost was the troublesome trait of "pride."
People can only survive by accumulating one lost item after another.

They will continue to wear it. It is as if they are shedding their clothes. But what exactly is the substance to tyrants and those who praise them? It is all what they wear, what is attached to them. Therefore, they can shed their clothes endlessly, remaining perfectly healthy without even catching a cold. I hereby celebrate this radiant health.

And I would like to raise a toast with all of you.

By the way, everyone! Do you know those dress-up dolls?

As you may know, you also have that blessing

With her innate talent, she put on the kimono with lightning speed.

Furthermore, it is exceptionally good for wearing as clothing.

If one does not possess this unparalleled speed,

No matter who you are, sometimes you have to avoid sneezing.

It must have been impossible. The essence of taking off one's clothes

The speed, the brilliance of how it's put together, and the fact that it's not all mismatched

The sheer brilliance of their unified spirit was truly breathtaking.

It is a remarkable skill. Its brilliance is reminiscent of the good pulls of yesteryear.

A dress-up character created by the renowned French craftsman, Henri Monier.

In terms of form, it is comparable to that of Joseph Brudom.

No. Of course, that was before I was born, so I regret that I cannot fully comprehend it with my own two eyes.

I haven't compared or confirmed this myself. However, there was a beautiful woman who had always cherished my grandfather.

Songs that people, in their old age, sang to me in their spare time.
Thus, the famous Joseph Brudom was sung about and praised in such beautiful and elegant ways.

Full of metaphors and grand, yet in reality, a nosy, naive bystander. Opening its mouth and biting, it yawns endlessly.

If you split the roots of his ideology, he's a conservative, yet his heart is that of a liberal. If the government of the time cannot be overthrown, his allies will change in an instant.

Morning and evening, he reads worthless books, and blindly accepts other people's theories, cutting them out of newspapers.

He looks around, wondering where the wind is blowing from, and then usually turns his head in that direction with a goofy expression.

He was truly your pioneer. Now, let us raise a toast once more in remembrance of this magnificent doll that was lost in the ravages of war. I am sure that Henri Monier, who lies in the grave, is also overjoyed to see the dolls

he created produce such outstanding successors as you.
It is because there is.

But to me, as I speak with you all like this, one heart

There is nothing we can do as the shadow of the situation deepens.

That is so. I repeat, the pieces are,

A truly magnificent dress-up artist, easily surpassing even Fu-Bryudom.

They are representatives of form. That pride that is practically useless.

It is like a magnificent refinement that, so to speak, does not care at all about the contents.

She possesses that quality. Not even a glimpse of her naked body.

The extremely swift and efficient way in which he puts on and takes off his clothes, without any hesitation,

Aside from extremely simple, ready-made clothing,

It was a deceptive feeling that I had lost everything.

It owes a great deal to his spiritedness. Indeed,

As the proverb says, "You can't see what isn't there."

The man I came all the way to see, no, I

I must pretend to have come to give him one last scolding.

No, in my opinion, that man is different from you all

And it seems to me that he is terribly clumsy.

Yes. The man, following the customs of this country, repeatedly took off his clothes.

It seems like they're going all out, but if they take off all their clothes

When that happens, I wonder what will happen, oh

I can imagine that. That man has escaped

After it's gone, there should be a new outfit prepared for you to change into.

There is none. Moreover, the contents are completely unnecessary.

There was a nauseating naked body, which, by the extremely troublesome pride of the servant, was bound to begin trembling violently as if in anger.

Gentlemen! As you all correctly observed, I have stripped off everything I own.

Then, the man catches a cold. In my imagination

Now, with the most solemn expressions on your faces, let us all unite and be at ease.

However, while the solemn dress-up ceremony was taking place,

Surely, the man continued to sneeze in an extremely inappropriate manner.

It will surely resonate with about five sounds. Majestic

Orderly behavior is expected at events.

Yes. In other words, it is in maintaining a peaceful order, like an assembly line.

A shared ecstasy is born. This comfortable feeling for you all

Anything that hinders the process is, even if it is something like criticism,

Even if it's done in a pretentious way, it should absolutely never be tolerated.

There is none. Moreover, it is as vulgar as a sneeze.

It is utterly unacceptable to be obstructed by objects.

I understand the indignation of those of you whose state of ecstasy has been shattered within me, and also my own easy understanding.

That can be inferred from the above.

Lately, you have all been greatly immersed in that so-called

The pinnacle of avant-garde art can be shattered by that man's rude sneeze.

And it may get out of hand, which I find extremely regrettable.

However, what worries me most is

It is not that it will be done. The orderly, undisturbed state of your ecstatic state, that is yours.

It is simply that the man's sneeze disrupts the joyous unity of your ecstatic state, from your facial expressions and movements to the very end of your words, but all of that can be ruined by that one sneeze from that man.
I find this extremely regrettable. In short, you all have immersed yourselves in a state of complete ecstasy, and as a result, you have all become the same.

They are speaking. And it is one of you who

It is neither anyone's face nor anyone's words. And that

In doing so, they all equally become the face of the auspicious avant-garde, the avant-garde

These are the words. Such profound common laws

In a state of bliss, even the slightest cough can be a major issue.

The sound resonates throughout the air. Moreover, it is extremely loud.

Sneezing, for example, can be as startling as a hundred thunderclaps striking at once.

This may bring to you all. Indeed,

It happens in an instant. Often to frail women and girls in the streets.

It is something that can be seen, but in such astonishment, one may involuntarily jump.

He jumped up, fell on his bottom, and in the end, he accidentally wet himself.

Then, unexpectedly, they would scream and cling to anyone without mercy.

There are serious concerns that this could lead to widespread chaos.

However, I can easily imagine it. In an instant.

A roar of anger and screams, and the orderly presence of all of you

Mamoru's face and words vanished in an instant, and there, each

He had the face of a brazen and greedy stockbroker, the face of a stingy and sickly craftsman, and a womanizer.

The face of the salesman, the middle-aged woman quietly going out to buy roasted sweet potatoes

His face, the face of a disgruntled salaryman who can't stand up to his superiors, and his drinking

The young man's face, which only becomes bolder when he drinks it, in short, the poet's

All faces except the face itself are scattered all over the place.

Oh, what a terrible scandal this is.

But, in my imagination, such misfortune will never happen.

It doesn't stop there. Despite being cunning,

The man, who was extremely timid, believed that the cause of these misfortunes was...

When I realized that it all lay within myself, I was utterly bewildered, overwhelmed by the world.

To fall into an uncontrollable frenzy,

It was a void. The man's eyes were wide open and vacant.

In a haughty tone, he spoke nonsense and foolish things that he didn't mean.

He will surely begin. Of course, that man,

Overwhelmed by guilt, he offered numerous excuses, and also,

All sorts of flattery and sycophancy to beg for your forgiveness

And so the man continues to do so.

In this way, we will praise your avant-garde brilliance.

A poem is a continuation between the voice that exists now and the voice that is yet to come.

It demands a continuous connection, and creates that connection.

It is as if the original text is the only expression in words.

It must be a voice that evokes a certain emotional state.

Hmm. Let's try removing the voice that's there now and the voice that's supposed to come next.

Look. Everything will become arbitrary. Poem

They are merely connected in order to be mechanically arranged.

The sign of the sequence changes. But here, I

But what I'm trying to say is about the words themselves, and their harmony.

This requires considerable effort to achieve dry, uninteresting grammatical accuracy.

It does not mean "nu". It is a matter of orthography or grammar.

The concept of "achieving" is a completely empty rule, and the true nature of the description

It is not something that can restrict interest, but rather something that has a powerful value for the spirit.

They are completely powerless. These things are considered important.

This is limited to people with extremely restricted ambitions.

However, regarding the weight and power of words

The feeling clearly exists. The various functions of grammar

A deep, almost organic understanding exists undeniably.

It is a preference for communication between various forms of expression and narrative.

The preferences regarding the operation of each unit, and the construction of the description.

A fondness for the subordinate relationships of various forms, such things

It clearly exists as a firm principle, especially in relation to poetry.

In that case, musical conditions become absolute.

If the poet does not place importance on musical conditions and does not consider them carefully

If not, the poet's ears would be passively

The rhythm, intonation, and tone are significant in the composition of the poem.

Observe that it does not possess an essential importance that is comparable to its perceived importance.

If that were to happen, I would have to despair over this poet.

That is not the case. The poet fulfills the need to write poetry.

He wanted to sing without feeling any sense of proportion, and the poet proposed

The words offered merely serve to allude to other words.

Gentlemen! This man's praise for you is as follows:

It continues without interruption, but in truth, these old-fashioned rituals are ultimately nothing more than plagiarism from someone else and have absolutely nothing to do with you. A certain wise man once said this:
Depending on the various qualities of the mind, poetry may be worthless,

Or perhaps it is of infinite importance. Poetry is based on knowledge and reasoning.

Therefore, it is something that cannot be understood at all. Poetry was originally,

Because it has both the chosen and the abandoned.

Yes, and you have always been chosen people.

They have vehemently refused to do so. You yourselves

Refusing to be the shining sun through its power, the light of the sun,

The planet orbits it, reflecting the light as it moves.

That is what we aspire to. And that is where your noble aspirations lie.

Wisdom discovered a state of ecstatic rapture for the unified avant-garde.

In a magnificent new poetic paradise born from a benevolent tyrant

Yes, it exists. I don't think there's any other place that could offer such a groundbreaking and avant-garde approach.

Gentlemen! Raise your cup once more for this magnificent paradise!

Isn't that right? And, zealous evangelists, you

Praise them wholeheartedly, for those generous tyrants, and further

Let us raise our glasses once more! And gentlemen!

May your perfect health last forever! A toast to the avant-garde!

Let's raise it up. Thank you for joining in so quickly.

The man's hesitant excuses, which you are concerned about, gentlemen

In the face of that, it is of no value whatsoever. I have just witnessed it firsthand. In short, that man, until the day he dies

He is nothing more than a cowardly, incurable sick man. Gentlemen! It is finally time to say goodbye. I can hear his footsteps now. That man is now in this bar.
I stood at the back doorway. Soon, it will appear here.

That is what will happen. And as he leaves, I must open this front door and go out. Now, I hope that your generous hearts will not be too harsh in condemning the man's pale and ailing heart.

I sincerely hope that doesn't happen.

Well then, everyone! Farewell!

(From "Haiku Criticism," March 1961)